

The Wadesboro Messenger and Wadesboro Intelligencer.

JAMES C. BOYLIN, Publisher.

The Wadesboro Messenger and Wadesboro Intelligencer Consolidated July, 1888.

PRICE, \$1.50 a Year.

NEW SERIES--VOL. III.--NO. 34.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

WHOLE NUMBER, 485.

For Sale.

25000 LBS. G. RIBS.

1000 BUSHELS CORN.

200 BBL. FLOUR.

100 SACKS SALT.

40 BBL. N. O. MOLASSES.

20 BBL. SUGAR.

10 BAGS COFFEE.

Cotton Yarn, Sheeting,
Plaids, Dry Goods,
Shoes, Tobacco, &c.

C. M. BURNS.

L. M. Woodburn & Co.
MORVEN, N. C.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF
General Merchandise

Which we are selling at prices that cannot be met anywhere. We will duplicate ANYBODY'S FIGURES. If you don't believe it come and see us and we will convince you.

Ladies Dress Goods

In the latest styles and in great quantities. The Ladies should not fail to see our stock before buying their WINTER DRESSES. Goods in this line remarkably cheap.

READY MADE CLOTHING

To fit anybody, and to suit all tastes and pockets. Our goods in this department are all NEW and of the latest styles. If you want a fit and desire to be satisfied with your purchase, call on us.

Shoes! Shoes!

For the Farmer, for the Merchant, for the Clerk, for everybody. Come see our Shoes and you will be sure to buy.

REMEMBER!—Our goods are ALL NEW and there is nothing shoddy on our shelves. Give us a trial and we are sure of a regular customer.

L. M. WOODBURN & CO.

Protect Your Family

AND YOUR PROPERTY.

Insure Your Life

WHILE YOU CAN.

Provide for Your Family

WHILE IN HEALTH.

We represent the oldest, largest and strongest companies in the world, which have, in addition to the protective feature, that of investment as well.

We Represent

Also the leading European and American fire insurance companies.

MARSHALL & LITTLE,
Insurance Agents,
Wadesboro, N. C.

July 23rd, 1889.

Notice.

I wish to inform the public that I have moved from Rutherford, N. C. and have connected my stock of drugs to L. J. Handley's stock of General Merchandise, where we will carry a full line of Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, Shoes, Hats, Clothing and everything kept in a first class store. We have in connection with our general stock what we call our Drug Department, where we will carry a full line of Drugs at low prices. I have given up the practice of medicine outside of my office. I have an office just across the street from where I will be glad to see any one wishing to consult me professionally.

A. B. HURLEY.

JOHN LOWE

has received one of the finest



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and uniformity. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, adulterated, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

Grateful—Comforting.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whenever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-penny tins, by Grocers, all well-known.

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

DR. J. T. J. BATTLE

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE PEOPLE OF WADESBORO AND VICINITY.

W. F. GRAY, D. D. S.,

DENTIST,

(Office Over L. Huntley's Store),

Wadesboro, North Carolina.

ALL OPERATIONS WARRANTED.

RAPHAEL ALLEN,

Barber.

HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING

Shaving, &c., done with neatness and dispatch. Shop near Mr. Bruner's Bakery.

W. A. ROSE,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

Represents the leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies.

Office—Martin Street, Wadesboro, N. C.

Anson Institute,

WADESBORO, N. C.

D. A. MCGREGOR, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

THE FALL TERM

BEGINS MONDAY, SEPT. 2ND, 1889.

Tuition in Literary Department—\$2,

\$3 and \$4 per month.

Michigan per month.

No deduction made for lost time.

T. J. INGRAM,

Corner Wade and Rutherford streets,

WADESBORO, N. C.

Will continue to furnish

his patrons with

BEEF,

Mutton, Pork, Poultry, Butter,

Eggs, Fresh Oysters, Fish,

Fruits and Vegetables,

And whatever else can satisfy the appetite of a gentleman—always giving the best the market affords. I will pay the highest market price for Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Chickens, Eggs, &c., &c.

LOOK OUT!

Great Excitement in Wharftown!

The WHALE has Threatened to Swallow Everything that is High.

And I have just received a large and selected Stock of General Merchandise which I am

Forced to Mark Down

at the lowest prices to keep the Whale from getting them. Come and get bargains and

See The Whale.

Highest prices paid for all kind of country produce.

JOHN A. KENDALL,

Wharftown, N. C.

Sale of Land.

BY virtue of decree of the Superior Court

proceeding wherein E. D. Gaddy, Adm'r of

B. N. C. A. of Thomas J. Gaddy, dec'd, is

plaintiff, and Joel T. Gaddy and others,

heirs-at-law, devisees and legatees of Thomas

J. Gaddy, dec'd, are defendants and under

powers given by the will of said decedent,

the undersigned will, on Monday, the 9th day

of December, 1889, at the hour of 12 o'clock

M., at the Court House door in Wadesboro,

I THINK I THINK A LIE

BY DR. O. T. DOBNER.

I used to think when I was young,
And my heart was free from guile,
I used to think that I was young,
And my heart was free from guile.

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A DAUGHTER-OF-GAIN.

BY S. J. JESSAMINE DICKSON AND MRS. M. F. DAVIS.

CHAPTER LIII.

FESTIVELY AND DEATH.

If ever angel bore
The form of mortals, such he wore:
By all my hopes of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth or heaven.
Byron.

'Here's de ring at last, an' now I s'pose Ise ter let him out'n dat room, caze Mars Jasper said I was to do it, when he sent back dis ring.'

Homers, who the reader will remember as Jasper Palmer's servant stood in the gathering twilight regarding a gold ring in his hand, which we saw once before on Palmer's finger.

'Yes,' he continued, 'Ise ter let him out, an' den what? Wonder what de missus of Sunnyside'll do, caze when I tell de man dis mornin' 'bout lettin' him out, an' 'bout de gran' weddin' dar to night he swar he'd go dar an' hab vengeance. Well, all dat am nuffin ter me; Ise got ter 'boy orders. Lucky I went ter de office dis mornin' an' got dis ring. Ise glad he's gwine to be out caze Ise tired waitin' on him. I'll go an' open de door now, an' be done wid him, caze I want ter see Judy ter night an' ax her when she be ready ter git married.'

It was a night of gayety and splendor at Sunnyside, for a marriage was to take place in the stately parlor—that of Orme St. Orme and Claudine Armitage.

Every window in the house was brilliantly illuminated, and among the vines on the piazza, and the trees which studded the yard, small lamps were hung, their pale light shedding a soft, mellow radiance over the entire scene. Dark forms flitted to and fro among the dusky orange trees arranging the lights, and wreathing garlands of brilliant flowers about the drooping branches and green leaves, until it presented the appearance of an enchanted land or a wilderness of flowery, tangled bloom and light. All the elits in the neighborhood of Sunnyside had been invited, and many carriages came to the city, for a grand ball was to immediately follow the marriage.

While the guests were arriving Mrs. Marvin stood in her room before the mirror putting the finishing touches to her toilette.

'The work of many years suffering is almost completed,' she muttered, 'and for all the danger I have endured what is my reward?'

As she ceased speaking the door opened and Mrs. Waldron entered the apartment arrayed in a heavy old fashioned wine colored silk.

She looked ten years younger, and an expression of real tenderness irradiated every feature of her dark face. In the black veiled eyes shone a new light, while a smile curved the thin lips. As she gazed into the room, Mrs. Marvin turned toward her and her eyes falling on her rich, silk robe, trimmed with heavy folds of black lace, she exclaimed:

'You have that old dress yet! Do you never wear out anything?'

'It is the first time I have worn it in sixteen years. I love the dress,' she continued, 'for I purchased it during the happiest period of my life.'

'I remember that you told me all about it once before. As you have something to recall the happiest time of your life, I have also a reminder of the purest days I ever experienced.'

So saying, she took a box from her dressing table, raised the lid, and diving to the bottom of it brought up a small gold ring which she dropped in the housekeeper's hand. Mrs. Waldron moved to the light and holding it up, saw engraven on the inside the initials, 'M. M. & C. H.' Her voice trembled perceptibly as she handed it back to Mrs. Marvin, saying:

'Would you could be now, what you were in those olden days, and all these long, black years but a horrible dream!'

'That wish you will never realize.'

'No. But you remember the promise you made me a few days ago?'

'Yes, but I even now almost repent it.'

'You do not mean to say that you will retract from that promise?'

'Not exactly, but why need I endure to lead a different life? I would give weary of it in a few days, for I have lived as one of earth's most depraved so long that it is more natural for me to do wrong than right.'

'Oh, Hester! are all my hopes to be dashed to the ground?'

'The woman's eyes grew dark with pain as she spoke.

'I do not wish to grieve you, but I tell you that it is needless for me to try to live differently, for the powers of darkness have too strong a hold upon me.'

'Hester! Hester!'

'I will change my manner toward you,' continued Mrs. Marvin, 'but do not expect too much from me for you know my nature.'

Mrs. Waldron was about to reply, when there came a low rap on the door.

ed his lips, as his eyes rested on the graceful form of his wife. As he entered, Mrs. Waldron hastily left the room.

'Hester, love, are you ready to go below?'

'Any time, Randall,' she replied, coming toward him, and laying her hand on his arm.

'We are going to lose our only one, little wife,' placing his arm about her and drawing her head on his shoulder as he spoke.

'Yes,' she murmured in a subdued voice.

'Do you think we will be happy without her, dear?'

'Why not, Randall? Claudine will be gone, but we have each other still.'

'Yes, thank God, we have each other,' he exclaimed, as he led her from the room.

Half an hour later, the brilliantly illuminated parlor was crowded to their utmost capacity. Wit flowed, and beauty smiled. Here and there through the shadowy rooms, happy lovers wandered, exchanging their vows of fidelity, and building castles of air concerning their future.

'I am all impatience to see the bride and groom!' exclaimed a bright eyed girl, as she turned to her companion, a handsome young lady, whose large dark eyes continued a perceptible dash of mirth.

'I do not care so much about seeing the bride as the groom, for Orme and I were playmates when children.'

'I believe you have always been in love with him Irma,' laughed her companion, as she lifted her eyes to her friend's face.

'For mercy's sake, Eva, do not accuse me of loving one of Creation's lords, who will soon be the husband of another!' cried the young lady in a mock tone of horror.

'See, Irma! there stands one of the afore said lords now, looking very much like nothing would please him better than to take you under his protection.'

Following the direction indicated, the young lady saw an exquisitely dressed young man at the opposite side of the room regarding her intently. The girl turned away with a scornful smile.

What a Woman Can and Cannot Do.

What can a woman do?

She can laugh with her lips—make a man think she is the merriest crick in the world, while her eyes are full of unshed tears and her heart beating as if it would burst.

She can forgive a great sin like an angel and nag a man about a petty vice like an importation from the lower regions.

She can fix over old frocks and wear them with a cheerful heart that she may help somebody, and she can spend the first money that she really feels that she can use for herself in going to a matinee and on sweets, when she knows she needs a new pair of shoes.

She can quiet a baby with one or two reassuring pats, when a man might almost knock the life out of it, give it a whole bottle of soothing syrup, and it would still be open eyed and aggressive.

She can employ a whole day looking for a pair of braces for Jack, and yet in the time of trouble she could buy a mourning outfit in half an hour, and her needle would fly as if guided by electricity in sewing on a shroud for somebody's baby.

She can cry out her troubles on a man's shoulder and feel a relief that is only possible from masculine help, and 10 minutes after she can laugh in that man's face and wonder what men were made for.

She can be brave in time of mental trouble; she can stand by and hold the hand of some one who is suffering from physical trouble, yet she will scream as if she were about to be killed at the suggestion of a mouse or a beetle.

She can smile over a dinner of bread and butter and tea when that's all she can get, and later on, when prosperity is to the fore, she can turn up her nose at any game below canvas back duck, and wonder at the people caring for anything but the best Burgundy.

What can't she do?

I will tell you: She can never wear trousers with any grace, and she will never be able to resist either the man or baby who has gotten the love of her heart.

A Very Funny Thing.

Spartanburg, S. C., Spartan.

A very funny thing occurred at one of our city churches less than a year ago. A good brother—a very good brother—came out of the church after the benediction and, starting home, thought a lady immediately in front of him was his wife. They had evidently been talking love before he left. Believing from the lady's dress, bonnet and the color of her hair that it was his wife and no one being very near he began his sentimental talk in this way: 'Yes, here you are at church. I thought you couldn't come. I knew there was nothing the matter with you. You're always complaining when there is not a thing the matter with you.' The lady addressed stiffened herself up and walked on. Her apparent contempt nettled the man and he said with decided emphasis: 'Oh, yes, you can't speak. Too sick to talk, you don't you speak?' About this time the lady addressed turned with a great deal of dignity and when the man saw his mistake he was speechless. He could not apologize, for that would have convicted him. It was very funny.

Miles of Various Nations.

The Irish mile is 2,240 yards.

The Swiss mile is 9,153 yards.

The Italian mile is 1,766 yards.